



CUD COMICS  
#4

\$2.95 US  
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TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD

COMICS™

ISN'T SPRING  
WONDERFUL?  
EVERYTHING'S  
BURSTING WITH  
LIFE!

DAD'S NOD  
WOD I'B  
BURSTIG WID.

MY  
GRANDPARENTS  
DIED  
AND ALL I  
GOT WAS THIS  
STUPID  
T-SHIRT

TERRY  
LABAN  
©96

TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD<sup>TM</sup>

## COMICS



**FIRST**  
THERE WAS  
CANTONESE, WITH  
ITS BLAND, GLOPPY  
GRAVIES AND STEAMED  
WHATNOTS. IN THE FORTIES  
AND FIFTIES IT WAS **THE EXOTIC**  
FOOD, SCARY EVEN, ESPECIALLY IN THE  
SHADOWY DINING ROOMS OF THE CLASSIC  
RESTAURANTS, DARK PLACES, PREFERABLY DEEP  
IN CHINATOWN, WITH ELABORATE LANTERNS HANGING  
EVERYWHERE, LIFE-SIZED WOODEN BUDDHAS GRINNING  
IN THE CORNERS, AND RED CARPETING, DOTTED WITH  
CIGARETTE BURNS, ON THE FLOOR. THEN ALONG CAME SZECHWAN,  
SPICY AND CRUNCHIER, THE SOPHISTICATED COUSIN. THE RESTAURANTS  
WERE NEWER PLACES WITH COLOR SCHEMES THAT RAN HEAVILY TOWARD  
PASTEL AND DECORATIONS LIMITED TO A FEW FRAMED PICTURES OF MOUNTAINS  
OR FAMOUS PAGODAS, DONE IN EMBROIDERY - A CLEAN, SLEEK LOOK THAT WENT WELL  
WITH THE SURFACEY OPENNESS OF SUBURBS AND STRIP MALLS. SOON IT WAS JOINED BY  
MANDARIN - LIKE SZECHWAN BUT MORE REGAL, WITH ITS FRIED THINGS IN HOT  
SAUCES. AND WHAT OF OLD CANTONESE, YOUR PARENTS' TREAT? IT WAS EXOTIC  
NO LONGER, AND IF RESTAURANTS HAD IT AT ALL, IT WAS IN THE BACK OF  
THE MENU, NEXT TO "AMERICAN FAVORITES," WHERE TEN-YEAR-OLDS  
WHO WOULDN'T EAT ANYTHING ELSE COULD ORDER A HAMBURGER.  
BUT SZECHWAN'S AND MANDARIN'S DAYS IN THE SUN WERE  
SHORT. NOW, KUNG PAO CHICKEN IS ABOUT AS  
INTERESTING AS PIZZA, AND AMERICANS LOOKING  
FOR A NEW CULINARY TRAVEL BUZZ ARE  
BRANCHING OUT TO THAI, ETHIOPIAN,  
SENEGALESE. ME, I'VE GOTTEN BACK  
INTO CHICKEN CHOW MEIN.  
I'M NOT A REACTIONARY  
OR ANYTHING, BUT  
THE CLASSICS ARE  
CLASSIC FOR  
A REASON.



BY

**TERRY  
LABAN**

EDITED BY

**DIANA  
SCHUTZ**

DESIGN BY

**JULIE  
GASSAWAY**

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THEY'RE NOT JUST LINES ON PAPER, THEY'RE

# ENO AND PLUNK

IN

"SPRING FEVER"

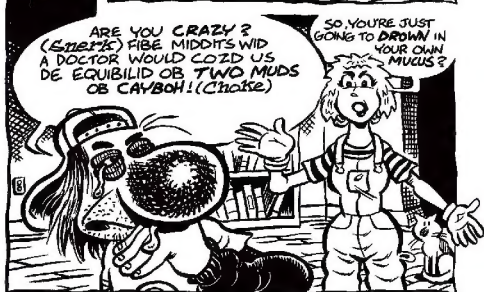
AH, SPRING!  
THE SUN IS WARM,  
AND THE BREEZE IS  
SOFT, AND ALL THE  
WORLD SEEMS  
NEW AGAIN.



EVERYTHING'S SO  
BEAUTIFUL AND BLOOMING.  
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE  
ANYONE WOULD BE INSIDE  
TODAY IF THEY DIDN'T  
HAVE TO BE.



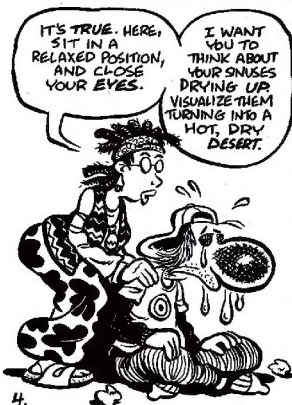
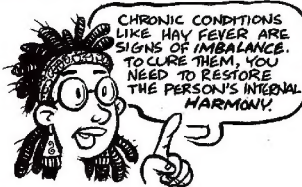


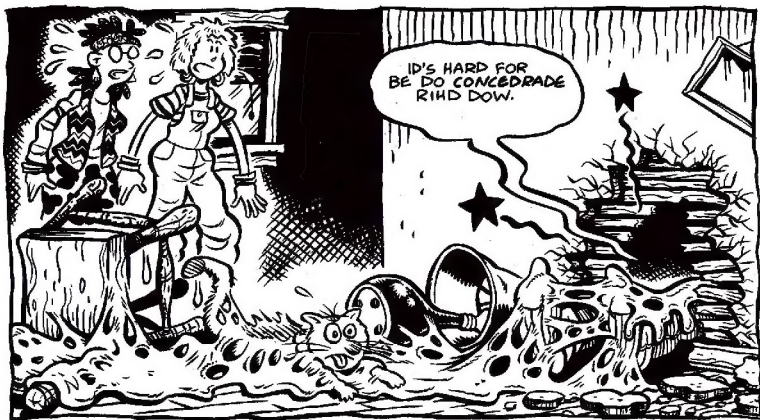


The Adventures  
OF ENO AND PLUM'S  
CAT  
by TERRY LABANO

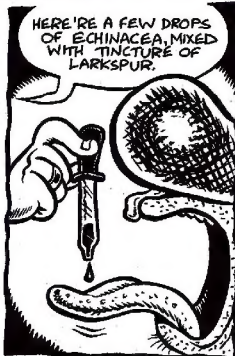








A LIDDOH.





SOON--

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU BROUGHT HIM IN. HE LOOKS TERRIBLE.

WILL HE HAVE TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL?

OH, NO! HERE-- TAKE THIS.

GLUB!

HEY!

MY NOSE IS CLEAR AND MY EYES DON'T ITCH! I CAN BREATHE AND SMELL AND TASTE!

WOW-- WHAT'D YOU GIVE ME?

JUST SOME GENERIC SUDAFED. YOU CAN PICK UP SOME MORE AT THE GROCERY STORE.

THAT'LL BE \$70.00

AND SO...

HEY, ENO-- IT'S LOVELY OUT. WANNA TAKE A WALK?

ARE YOU KIDDING? NO WAY.

WADDYA MEAN "NO WAY"? YOU'RE NOT STILL AFRAID OF GETTING HAY FEVER, ARE YOU?

NOPE...

I'M AFRAID OF GETTING CAUGHT BY THOSE GOONS FROM THE COLLECTION AGENCY THAT THE DOCTOR SICKED ON US.

End

THE AUTHOR *in*  
**HILLBOY**  
 by TERRY LABAN  
 ©96

Terry LaBan, hillbilly cartoonist, sat sketching on the front porch of his family's dilapidated cabin, deep in the Ozarks. His teeth clenched his corncob pipe as he concentrated, and his bare toes dug a shallow trench in the dirt at the bottom of the wooden stairs. His reverie was broken by the sound of the front door squeaking open.

"Watcha doin', Cuz?" asked a soft, feminine voice — a voice LaBan instantly recognized as that of his cousin, Honeypot. He looked up and smiled.

"Jis' drawin', hon," he answered, tugging on his coarse, black beard.

She smiled back, the breasts beneath her tattered summer dress rising softly, a good deal larger than one would expect on a girl of only fifteen. She put her long legs up on the porch rail, and LaBan tried not to notice that she wasn't wearing any underwear.

"Ah jis' loved th' way ya drawed ol' Goober McKooz," she giggled. "Ah put thet picheer behin' th' bar at Th' Hollow Laig, an' ol' Goober got madder'n a hog on a health kick!"

"Aw, hon," replied LaBan sadly, "whydja do thet? Las' thang we need's t' start feudin' with them McKoozes agin."

"Shoot, Cuz — if'n ya didn' wan' no

one t' see it, ya shouldn'a drawn it," she pouted, gliding into place next to him.

His nose hairs prickled at her musky scent. He felt a slight tension in his stomach as her fingers traced a pattern on his chest.

"You ain't mad at me, are yuh?"

In answer, he gently took her hand and moved it in the direction of the crotch of his tattered overalls. It stopped scant millimeters from the faded fabric, as a voice called from the front path.



"Hello there! I'm looking for Terry LaBan!"

LaBan looked down to see a stranger in a tie and white shirt, obviously winded from his trip up the path. He had a briefcase in one hand and mopped his brow with the other.

"Thet's me, mister," answered LaBan, standing up and adjusting himself.

"You're the artist, eh? The name's Levelum, of Levelum and Bild. I saw a drawing of yours in town at a bar and thought you'd be perfect to illustrate our new brochure. Job pays fifty dollars. Interested?"

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## MY BACK PAGES

**Love's not a Three Dollar Fare**, a collection of most of the major stuff from my first comics series, *Unsupervised Existence*. Just \$14.95 for 120 pages of heart-warming narrative.



**International Bob**, paperback collection of the "Bob" stories in *Unsupervised Existence*.

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"Fifty dollar?" gasped Lallan. "That's more'n Pappy makes in a month! You bet Ah would!"

Lallan set to work. But his conscience didn't last long. The next afternoon, looking up from his labors, he found himself staring down the length of a double-barreled shotgun, toward a pair of angry, bloodshot eyes, almost hidden beneath the bill of an ancient steel cap.

"Pappy!" he croaked. "Whatchoo doin'?"

"Gawdamest, boyah! Whin's 'is aboutchoo workin' with them amawwleek doo-velupts' men?"

"Devilam an' HIM!" Lallan stammered. "Shoot, Pappy — they're payin' fifty dollar I draw pictures!"

"They kin afford it!" snarled the old man. "Specially after they get done puttin' oursew' madons all over each oah-watsoe fields!"

The statement hit Lallan like a punch in the stomach. The massive influx of rich city folks to the hill country had already flooded the market for swinehogs, and the road kill produced by their high-speed

heavy cars was so squashed as to be inedible. Growing hot was the family's sole source of sustenance. Lallan sighed.

"Whist yuh want me tish do?" he asked.

The next day, Lallan stood in a hollow by some woods, the breeze wafting the sharp scent of grime sinsemilla from the field hidden nearby. Sure was a pretty place, he thought. No wonder city folk wanted to build oursew' there.

"Have you got the illustrations?" asked Levelham. "Strange, you wanted to meet me out here, instead of in town."

"Jis a sec, sir," said Lallan. He turned toward his pickup truck, determined not to look as the shots rang out behind him. He turned and saw the developer lying face down on the ground.

"Yuh done good, boyah," said his pappy, stepping out of the woods. "I already sent for mah brother-in-law, de Sheriff. U' come on out an' certify he done shot himself."

That night, Lallan sat sadly on the porch, thinking about his lost opportunity, only partially consoled by a cornucopia full of good Oshark hushak that Pappy let him pick before the trip home. His reverie was interrupted by the croaking of the dove.

"Ah heard when yuh done did, Cur," said a soft, feminine voice. "Ah were an' sorry 'bout that fifty dollar' — but Ah got something else yuh might lik."

His sadness faded as Honeygot enveloped him in her musky sweetness. The doves sang in the summer night, and in their rooster rich city people, jawed from smoke, locked their doors.

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Terry LeBan, PO Box 607055, Chicago, IL 60660

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# Ben Dordia's CONFESSION

A TALE FROM THE TALMUD

ART BY  
TERRY  
LABAN

SPECIAL THANKS TO  
RABBI RICHARD HIRSCH

IT WAS SAID OF  
RABBI ELIAZAR  
BEN DORDIA THAT  
THERE WAS NO WHORE  
IN THE WORLD HE  
COULD HEAR OF  
AND NOT VISIT.



ONCE, UPON  
HEARING OF  
A CERTAIN  
HARLOT WHO AC-  
CEPTED A PURSE  
OF DENARI/ AND  
FOR HER FAVORS...



HE TOOK A PURSE OF  
DENARI/ AND CROSSED  
SEVEN RIVERS TO REACH HER.





**A**S HE WAS WITH HER,  
SHE BLEW FORTH  
A BREATH AND SAID--

AS THIS  
BLOWN BREATH  
WILL NOT RETURN  
TO ITS PLACE...

...SO WILL ELIAZAR  
BEN DORDIA NEVER  
BE RECEIVED IN  
REPENTANCE!

**W**HEREUPON WENT  
AND SAT AMONG THE  
HILLS AND MOUNTAINS AND  
SAID: "O HILLS AND  
MOUNTAINS, PLEAD MERCY  
FOR ME!" THEY REPLIED:

**S**O HE EXCLAIMED:  
"HEAVEN AND EARTH,  
PLEAD MERCY FOR ME!"  
THEY TOO REPLIED:

**A**ND THEN HE SAID:  
"SUN AND MOON,  
PLEAD MERCY FOR ME!"  
BUT THEY ALSO REPLIED:

HOW SHALL WE  
PRAY FOR YOU? WE  
STAND IN NEED OF IT  
OURSELVES, FOR IT IS  
SAID: "FOR THE  
MOUNTAINS SHALL DEPART  
AND THE HILLS BE REMOVED."

HOW SHALL WE  
PRAY FOR YOU? WE  
STAND IN NEED OF IT  
OURSELVES, FOR IT IS  
SAID: "FOR THE HEAVENS  
SHALL VANISH AWAY LIKE  
SMOKE, AND THE EARTH  
SHALL WAX OLD, LIKE A  
GARMENT."

HOW SHALL WE  
PRAY FOR YOU? WE  
STAND IN NEED OF IT  
OURSELVES, FOR IT IS  
SAID: "THEN  
THE MOON SHALL BE  
CONFOUNDED AND THE  
SUN ASHAMED."



HE EXCLAIMED: "YOU STARS  
AND CONSTELLATIONS, PLEAD  
MERCY FOR ME!" SAID THEY:

HOW SHALL WE  
PRAY FOR YOU? WE STAND  
IN NEED OF IT OURSELVES. FOR  
IT IS SAID: "AND ALL THE  
HOSTS OF HEAVEN SHALL  
MOLDER AWAY."

SAID HE:

THEN THE  
MATTER DEPENDS  
ON ME  
ALONE!

HAVING PLACED HIS HEAD BETWEEN  
HIS KNEES, HE WEPT ALOUD  
UNTIL HIS SOUL DEPARTED.

THEN A BATH-KOL WAS  
HEARD PROCLAIMING:

RABBI ELIAZAR BEN  
DORDIA IS DESTINED FOR  
LIFE IN THE WORLD  
TO COME!

RABBI YEHUDA  
HANASI, ON  
HEARING THIS  
STORY, WEPT  
AND SAID:

ONE MAY  
ACQUIRE ETERNAL  
LIFE AFTER MANY  
YEARS...

...AND ANOTHER  
IN AN  
HOUR!

END





TERRY LABAN'S



# ENO AND Plum

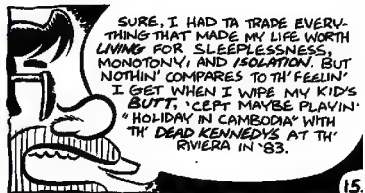
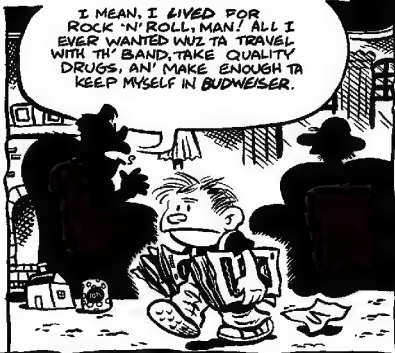
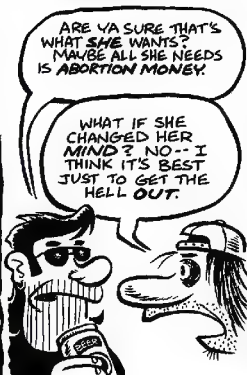
IN "BUNDLE OF JOY"



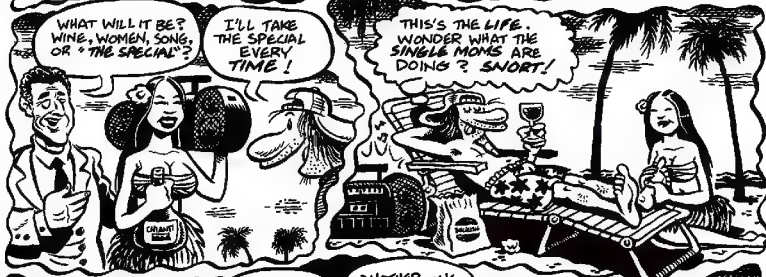
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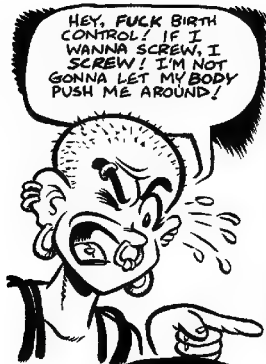


ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...



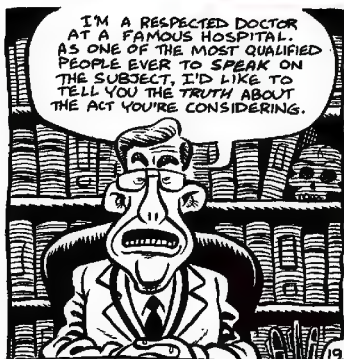
The Adventures  
of ENO and PLUM'S  
**FOLLICLE MITES**  
by T. LEBAN ©96



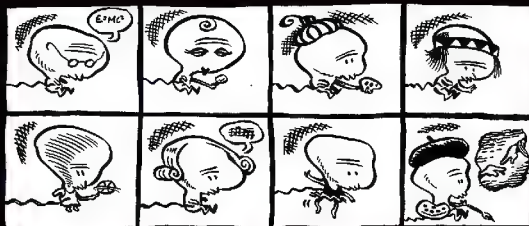


# BEFORE YOU MURDER YOUR BABY

FACTS EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW



"YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THAT A CHILD IN ITS FIRST TRIMESTER IS NOTHING BUT A BLOB OF CELLS. IN FACT, FROM CONCEPTION, UNBORN CHILDREN ARE FULL-FLEDGED HUMANS WITH COMPLEX AND UNIQUE PERSONALITIES."



"YOU MAY ALSO HAVE HEARD THAT BECAUSE IT LACKS CONSCIOUSNESS, AN UNBORN CHILD FEELS NOTHING DURING AN ABORTION. WE ASK YOU NOW TO WATCH THIS AMAZING FOOTAGE OF A DOOMED FETUS ACTUALLY PRAYING BEFORE THE END."



"YOU SHOULD ALSO KNOW, STUDIES SHOW CONSISTENTLY THAT WOMEN WHO HAVE ABORTIONS ALMOST ALWAYS DEVELOP CANCER AND/OR KILL THEMSELVES."



"AFTER WHICH THEN"

**BURN  
IN  
HELL!**

"I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!"



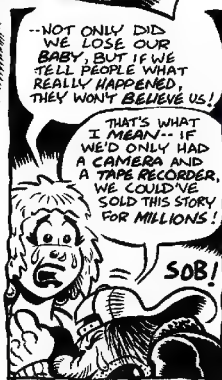
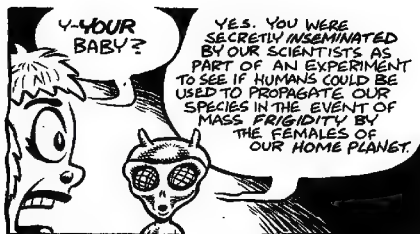




A FEW MONTHS LATER...



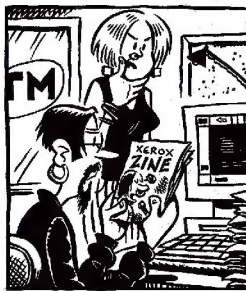






# The FAD

by TERRY LABAN © 96



# LETTERS

Hello, Terry —

I discovered **Cud** at Time Warp Comics in Boulder, CO [*patronize it — TL*], and have really enjoyed it. I think I most like the way your characters walk — sort of a floppy, half-pitched forward gait. I've tried to emulate it, to no avail.

I drove a truck for Marten transport a while ago (blue tractors, white trailers, with a blue bird on the trailer) and went through Chicago several times but never really got to experience the city. It's hard to find parking, even at the 76 in Calumet City, and also there are lots of low bridges, very scary for truck drivers. But someday I'd like to check out the culture and subculture of Chicago.

Paul Peters  
Boulder, CO

*The culture and subculture of*

*Chicago are pretty much the same as everywhere else, except we have better hot dogs and drive smaller vehicles.*

Terry —

That bit in **Cud #3** when Eno and his mate get covered in ink, well, that happened to me. Only it wasn't ink, it was blood, and it wasn't a dumpster, it was a big, dead, partially decayed African elephant, and I was not looking for food, I was looking for golf balls.

I saw a preview of **The Dreaming**, and it looked OK. I liked the minotaurs — you are definitely doing lots of stuff at the moment, which is a GOOD THING, because the children of this troubled world need you for their moral and spiritual guidance.

Roger the Fish  
Chipping-Sodbury, England

*It's a GOOD THING for a lot of reasons, though I wouldn't*

*list providing the world's children with moral and spiritual guidance among them. But I'll take this opportunity to urge **Cud** readers to check out my other projects, including **Grendel Tales: The Devil May Care**, from Dark Horse; **The Dreaming**, from Vertigo; and, in July, a miniseries called **The Unseen Hand**, also from Vertigo.*

Terry —

You probably don't remember me, but I remember you. We went to high school together in 1978. I saw one of your comics the other day, and I couldn't believe this is what you do now. I actually enjoyed it, and it reminded me that I always thought you were kind of fucked-up, though in a good way. Hey, if you're ever in Maryland, give a call!

Kevin Cardoza  
Tylerville, MD

## WORTH A LOOK

**Woodrow Comics #1** — This mini looks like it was drawn on a napkin in a bar late one Saturday night and printed at Kinko's on the way home, but it's pretty darn funny. Mostly reviews of what I assume to be an imaginary punk band, it makes more hay with lists of album and song names than anything has a right to. I dunno — sometimes good things come in small packages. The author, Chris Auman, also does a bigger zine called **Reglar Wiglar**, which I think I've plugged before. Both cost a buck from **Chris Auman, PO**

**Box 578174, Chicago, IL 60657.**

**Nowpet Comix** — Muktuk' Wolfsbreath fans who want to see more shaman stuff might want to check out Steve Peters' (no relation, I assume, to the letter writer above) work. Cosmic in the extreme, the bulk of it features a shaman character who hangs out with various animals, eating mushrooms and having adventures. It's well drawn and worth the dollar from **Steve Peters, 204 Summit Ave. #3, Willow Grove, PA 19090.**

**Terry LaBan, PO Box 607056, Chicago, IL 60660**

Or meet me in cyberspace at **TerryL3@aol.com**



DIRECT SALES



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# What if **CUD** Comics were forbidden?

Outrageous? Sure it is, but the works of many comic-book professionals have been seized and sometimes banned by the real-life thought police.

The **Comic Book Legal Defense Fund** was founded to fight these threats. In the last five years, the CBLDF has spent over \$200,000 defending First-Amendment rights in the comic-book industry. We have successfully defended or deterred over a dozen threats to comic-book artists, publishers, and retailers from over-zealous police departments, prosecutors, and would-be censors.

Please help us continue our mission to fight censorship by making a donation. With your support, the CBLDF can continue to champion comic-book professionals' freedom of speech. After all, it's the thought police that should be banned!

(clip and mail)

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in the comic-book industry. Enclosed is my  
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